

Cult Of Luna, Deliverance

Relations are artificial; will we give it a new beginning?
Find the essence in ourselves and escape through the tunnel

Transferring spirits. The second coming
Shattering bodies and rising fire

A broken man came our way. He'd lost his harvest
Sunken, he gazed? There lies the blessing

Forthcoming shadows are unfulfilled
Striving forward and deliver innocence

There lies the blessing
We are striving forward